

DISGRACEFUL ORGY BROUGHT TO LIGHT!!!

BIG "SCOOP" FOR BLAST.

SENIORS HOLD CORN ROAST AT MIMICO.

[Editor's Note.—Yet again have we put one over on our contemptible contemporary, "The Varsity." This puerile publication with its inherent lack of perspicacity was easily deceived by the fourth year publicity agent who gave out, for self-evident reasons, that the project of a corn roast had been abandoned. To us, however, his motives were only too apparent, and we immediately appointed a representative to watch for developments. The result of his investigations is printed below. All photographs of the incidents described were destroyed by the censor.]

Mimico on the Lake,

Septober Eleventy-seventh 1T5.

All clues and inquiries have led your correspondent hither, and now I lie within a few yards of the enemy's retreat with camera and flash-light paper ready; for evening has fallen and bright stars begin to twinkle above what is soon to be the scene of revelry, unsurpassed even in the Faculty Union.

Ere long there appears dimly in the distance a line of dark-robed figures moving towards me by a tortuous route. On my right their pile of wreckage rises ready to be lighted. There are dogs to be made into wieners, and corn a la Varsity Cob, apples a la Stag Night, with eau de feu as a filler.

The line draws nigh and I see that many faces are blanched with fear. The Right Reverend J. G. Gauld (Cons.) is in their midst, and greatly fears detection, wherefore my first film is shot with deadly aim. Stealthily he arranges his

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FEMININITY LAID BARE!!!

Most Sensational Human Document Ever Published!

The Confessions of a Freshette.

BY CASTORIA

[Editor's Note.—In order to obtain this unique revelation of the feminine mind, two prominent gentlemen of the fourth year who have the general esteem of the fair sex, were commissioned to call upon the young lady in question. While the one engaged her in conversation, the other took shorthand notes of her remarks. The original words of Miss — are printed here, no attempt having been made to render them intelligible or coherent. Thus for the rational sex, the following constitutes a document of the utmost psychological importance.]

What do I think about Varsity? Well, honestly now, I think it's just about the grandest place I ever struck! You don't have to do any work and you have *such* an exciting time. Why the first day I came here I never had so much fun in my life. I didn't know where to find anything I wanted, and I was always running into *such* a lot of nice young men who took *so* much trouble to show me around. And, oh, the funniest thing happened! I went in to enroll in Latin, but you see it wasn't the right room. As soon as I got inside the door the professor said: "Do you wish to take Religious Knowledge?" So I knew right away that I was in wrong. Oh! there was such a *thoughtful* young man standing there. He saw that I was excited, so he smiled at me encouragingly and, of course, I smiled back. And then—oh, he did the awfulest thing. What do you suppose it was? Why, he

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CERBERUS UNCHAINED!

Hades' Hound Howls Midst Hilarious Hibernians

RABIES RAMPANT!

"Raus Mit Redmond" Cries Carson

Lowering clouds of shillalahs and showers of sedition marred the azure sky on the suspicious occasion of the inaugural session of the Irish parliament. Very few of the celebrities were missing, but nobody missed them anyway.

The Emperor of Germany sent word from St. Helena, regretting his enforced absence, the Czar of Russia forgot his admission ticket, and Roosevelt came only to be summarily executed for advertising openly Colgate's Tooth Polish.

The session opened two hours behind schedule, owing to the late arrival of the "movie" man. The Prime Mismanager found great difficulty in keeping his roughnecks from voting "agin the Government." During a violent discussion and disputation concerning "Free Beer for Irishmen," some paid assassin of the opposition threw a shrapnel bomb from the gallery directly at the feet of the speaker. It exploded, killing ten men and the clerk, but, owing to the heat of the debate, the occurrence was unnoticed. To settle the question, the Government started a fight, and the Prime Mismanager was laid low by a shillaly. It being a whitethorn shillaly, he will not recover.

The teams for the opening spasm lined up as follows:

Speaker—Guff Shooter Lloyd.
Clerk—Court Liar McGillivray.

GOVERNMENT.

Left Honorable Always Wishing Kennedy, R.E.D.M.O.N.D., Prime Mismanager.
Honorable Elephant Like Biggar, T.A.Y. P.A.Y., Minister of Disturbances & Drivel.
Lady Eternally Washing Clairmont, M.U.R.P.H.Y., Minister of Laundry Tubs and Slangage.
Jagged Drunk Peck, T.H.U.G., Member for Donnybrook Fair.
Hon. Algebra Geometry McDougall, D.E.L.U.R.Y., Minister of Surds and Absurds.
Hon. Canada's Saviour Leckie, L.E.S.-S.A.R.D., Minister of Militia and Defence.
Wanta Chew Milne, P.A.G.E.

OPPOSITION.

Dishonorable Women's Rights West, C.A.R.S.O.N., Member from Ulster.
Righteous Guy Meech, O'B.R.I.E.N., Member for Tipperary.
Jealous Jennie Frawley, S.U.F.F.R.A.-G.E.T.T.E., Member for Pankhurstville.
Wild Economist Smith, G.I.L.B.E.R.T., Member for Faculty Union.
Erin's Darling Hosken, T.I.M., Member for Dublin.
Jingo General Leckie, S.A.M., Member for Lindsay.
Jimmy's Boy Brebner, B.E.L.L.H.O.P.

Catalogue of Miseries.

1. March past of the dignitaries.
 2. Opening spasm of Parliament.
 3. Duet by "Christie, the Cop Caruso, and Ferrari-Fontana Forbes.
 4. London's sensational extravaganza, "Trapped by a Cheese," or "Christie, the Campus Cop."
 5. Male quartette—three men and a tenor.
 6. Second spasm of Parliament.
- "God Save the King."
The doors are locked, so there is no use trying to escape.

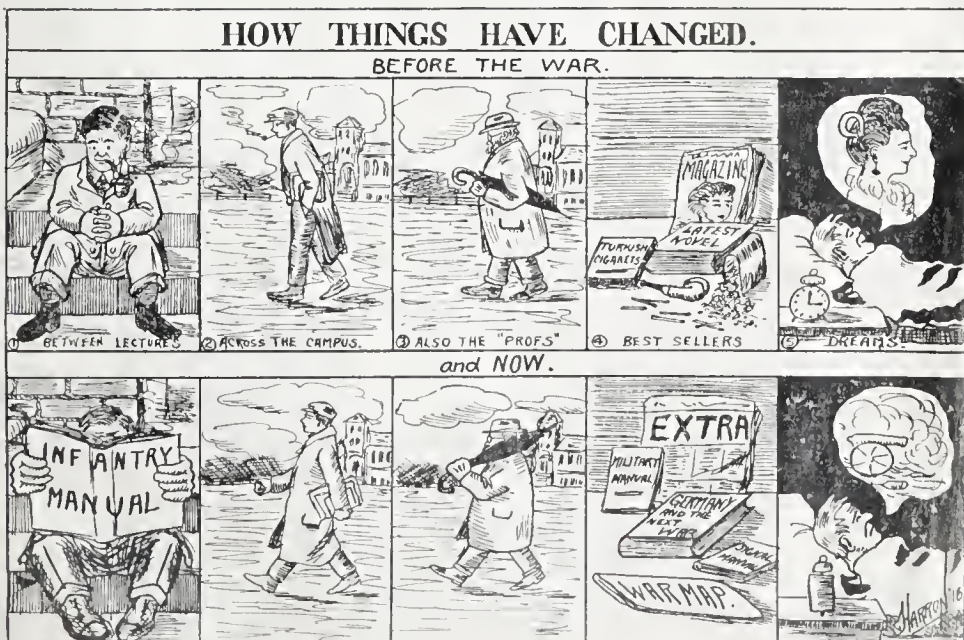
TRAPPED BY A CHEESE

Or Christie, the Campus Cop.

Actuated by the lucrative offers of "movie" firms in the vicinity of our fair city (the Pride of the North), our amateur dramatists have brought out a marvellous scenario, and before being immortalized in film it is to be presented before the anæmic and æsthetic audience in the Hall to-night. Copyrighted, 1914, in Great Britain and all the Dominions beyond the seas, the American side of the Humber, and in all languages, including the Scandinavian.

The Council is gathered in solemn conclave, and in due form the reports are brought in. Oratory flows in unchecked streams and when the business is at its height the peace and solemnity of the Sabbatarian assembly is shattered—A Spy!—A Spy!—A German Spy! But

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THE EVENING BLAST

A thoroughly respectable family journal published annually for the obstruction of the ignorant and the perversion of the hardened sinner. Endorsed by the German Bundesrat and the University Y.M.C.A.

Managing Editor—Hon. Robert Rogers.
Editor in Chief—General Villa.

Associate Editors—Anthony Comstock,
H. G. Wells.

Sporting Editor—Rudolf Encken.

War Correspondent—Sir Edward Carson.

Literary Editor—Controller Church.

Advertising Mgr.—Major-General Sam. Hughes.

Censor—A. B. Fennell.

Devils—Pres. Falconer (Compositor).

Principal Hutton (Pi-setter).

Office Boy—Master Gilbert Jackson.

N.B.—All contributions thankfully received. Cheques and Money Orders should be made payable to the Editor. It is requested that contributions should not be accompanied by a manuscript.

A Suggestion.

There have been, of late, several complaints on the part of various members of the Faculty that the undergraduates are not attending lectures as regularly as they should. We sincerely hope, for the sake of the students, that this is not the case. The "Blast" is a strong advocate of existing institutions which serve a practical end, and it is not to be supposed for an instant that lectures were not designed for a definite purpose or that the professors are not pre-eminently qualified to deliver them.

What, then, is the trouble? Upon consideration it would appear that this arises first, from a misunderstanding, or rather a lack of comprehension, on the part of the undergraduate body as regards the value of a lecture; and, secondly, from the fact that the authorities, notwithstanding their earnest endeavors to promote the well-being and comfort of the students, have failed to take into account a factor of the highest importance.

The lecture, rightly regarded, is a mild and beneficent diversion. After a morning's hard work, when the brain is fagged and the intellect confused, the student needs to relax in body and mind. He wants an environment which neither stimulates thought nor excites the nervous system, and such an atmosphere the lecture-room most adequately provides.

For some reason, however, lectures are at present delivered mainly in the morning, when the student's faculties are all awake and he is full of intense intellectual energy. Hence the effect of attending two or three consecutive discourses at this time must be anything but good; whereas two hours in the class-room immediately after lunch would have that salutary soporific influence of which we have spoken above. Then the students might slumber peacefully in their seats while the professor could talk away to his heart's content without fear of interruption, a state of affairs completely satisfactory to all parties concerned.

Handy Definitions.

Modern Language Club—A humane institution for incompetent females.

Faculty of Applied Science—A mistake.

College Spirit—The favorite beverage of the Faculty Union.

THE ONLOOKER

"Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood,
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces."

Aye, Bartlemy, our mood is melancholy. Black is our bile, as if we had eaten overmuch of pickled walnuts. For here we revisit a scene well-remembered—the Mock Parliament, to wit—here all around us sweeps the sea of faces, the ardent Freshman, the tolerant Senior, yonder the pained visage of a professor, and out of it all, like polka-dots on calico, the fair faces of ladies. There on the platform, the motley assembly, the caricatures of personages, more believable than the personages themselves.

But where, Bartlemy, is the caricature of him you most parodied? Where is the enormous black beard that once dominated the whole platform, projecting out into the auditorium and filling with alarm the ladies? Where, Bartlemy, is the caricature of St. Elme de Champ?

Gone, in answer to the shrill trumpet of war. Somewhere, they say, on the lines of communication to Paris. That massive head and night-black beard, and the proud-borne figure, beneath it, could be caricatured by us in other days, for in our midst he was a stranger, of a different race of mankind. Now, at last, we understand him, Bartlemy! Now, at last, we understand France. The lecture room confined him. The "chair" professorial was inadequate. We should not have caricatured him, but his surroundings. On us is the joke.

And so, Bartlemy, in memory of him who is absent from us, in humble recognition of the real qualities of one whom we have misunderstood, in honor of one who instantly replied to the call of his country, let us raise up our glasses, and let us cheer to the name of Monsieur le Baron St. Elme de Champ!

Trapped by a Cheese

(Continued)

ha! 'twas not for naught that Christie and the Forbes debated and plotted ere the action did begin. Why is a cheese? Now its significance is seen. Off his guard, the German lunges for the limburger. He is seized, his artillery confiscated, court martial sits, he is shot (all in twenty feet of film).

Managers applying for rights are referred to Poor Pauline.

From the Management.

If, after seeing the performance, you feel you have not contributed sufficiently towards its support, we shall be delighted beyond measure to meet you after the show. If, however, you believe you have paid too much, please do your business with the box office.

N.B.—The box office closes at 8 p.m.

Sensation for Stargazers.

(Special to the "Blast.")

Professor Chant aroused intense enthusiasm in the Astronomy class this afternoon by calmly announcing that one could pick up Venus any time in the afternoon at present. It is now expected that the course will prove more popular than ever.

ANNESLEY HALL MILITANT SUFFS.
CHOKES MILITARISM!

INNOCENT FROSH. MALIGNED.

The trial of Lieut. J. H. Kerr, by court martial, on the charge that "he did feloniously and with contempt, break, smash, and otherwise violate, the letter and spirit of the King's Regulations, as set forth in Section 12, Subsection 35, Clause 119 of Article H., by writing, sending and forwarding to the Matron-in-charge of Annesley Hall, situate on Avenue Road, in the City of Toronto, a letter, offering to said matron-in-charge, his services as drill sergeant to such young ladies as might wish to be drilled, in direct defiance of Clause 119 of Article H., etc., "ut supra."

Major-General Sam. Hughes presided at the court martial, assisted by Lieuts. Massey, Williams and Dale. Constable Christie preserved order, and "Scotty" was door-keeper. Private Beynon, B.A., and Sergeant R. L. Hughes represented the accused, while Lieut. Needler and Prof. Kylie appeared for the prosecution.

Private Beynon, for the defence opened the proceedings with a masterly cross-examination of the Matron of Annesley Hall, who was chief witness for the prosecution. He deftly elicited the facts that "she proposed to have no more of this conduct" and that "Lieut. Kerr was a frequent caller at the Hall." The "fateful letter," as counsel for the plaintiffs termed exhibit A., was produced and found to be in German. This produced great excitement and defendant's case looked black from then on.

The Court now heard a considerable number of witnesses, mostly female, who testified that they "had seen the letter on the Matron's desk," "had heard her discussing it," "had heard other girls discussing it," etc.

The most damaging evidence of all, from the standpoint of the defence, was that given by G. W. Crow, Meds. '19, who testified "that he had heard the big boob joking about it." On being asked the meaning of the word "boob," witness was unable to explain and was remanded as a "suspicious character using treasonable language and suspected of complicity."

Sergt. Hughes addressed the Court for the defence and begged the jury to consider the harmless quality of the act, the evident simplicity of the accused and the harmful publicity given him.

Lieut. Needler exclaimed in holy horror at the evident disrespect for the King's Regulations. Did the Court want to see women as fighting efficient? Where would be the tranquil happiness of the married man? Did they understand what was involved in the frightful contempt of Clause 3, Subsection X of Article K, which provides that soldiers must shave their chins but not their lips? What would the army come to? Were the officers to be females? Providence forbid! It was their duty to convict this man as a horrible example to future generations.

General Hughes in his charge to the Court was very unfavorable to the prisoner, whom he described as a "gaping jester at sacred things." No doubt it was as a direct result of this that the Court brought in a verdict of "Guilty."

Accused was condemned to perpetual imprisonment in the foyer of the Star Theatre, and was led off grinning. The suspect Crow was released, as the medical attendant certified him as "Nerv. V. sed non compos mentis."

AS TO YELLS.

We have an unlicensed poet whom we were thinking of backing for the job of cheer leader. We wished some evidence of his ability and he volunteered to frame entirely new yells for the Colleges in our University. Being a fourth year man in University College, his outlook on life was horribly warped and the yells he produced for Arts, School and Meds. were rotten. He evidently expects a B.A. in June, so handed us this awful junk:—

Bach-e-lor in Art-i-bus
The pin-na-cle of know-ledge
Un-i Un-i Vers-i ty,
Arts, Arts, College.

We cast him from our bosom, but took him back when with that breadth of mind and singleness of purpose which is characteristic of Senior Arts men he vented his spleen on our sister Colleges as follows. The sentiments are well turned and to the point, even if a trifle biased.

Hey diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle,
A Circuit Sewing Band.
Bowles and Wesley, Burwash, Rowell,
On the Old Ontario Strand!

And this one:—

Predestination, Original Sin,
We don them with our socks,
Catechism and parrich within
At auld Grey Knox.

And' finally:—

We are the salt of the earth, so give ear to us,
No new ideas can ever come near to us;
Orthodox, Catholic, crammed with Divinity,
Damn the dissenters! Hurrah for old Trinity!

BUST THE TRUST

We need Teddy Roosevelt! Why? To bust the trust. The Wiener Trust has spread its ramifications into our honest institution, and its slimy tentacles have begun to feel their way into our manly bosoms. For one Frankfurter Rogers, an emissary of the trust, has installed himself in our residences. Feeling that his ambitions would be cramped in the ordinary student's quarters, he hired him a three-room suite and there in unparalleled grandeur he dwells like Solomon in all his glory. Bluebeard is a babe in arms compared to him, for lady-killing is his favorite fruit. With pumps most ostentatiously displayed in his coat pockets, he fares forth to "thes dansantes" and graciously instructs Toronto damsels, green in the art terpsichorean, and in his most sentemotional attitudes drills them in the fairy tread. Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle are passe when he starts. He must be squelched. Teddy to the rescue.

It is a serious question, whether he be allowed to exist any longer. Can we as University men allow such a snipe to claim membership in University College? Men (and women), repress him, we pray. Try to instil some principles of modesty and freshmanly behaviour in his breast. In the words of the poet, get to him! He is more than a blot on our escutcheon. We can only compare him to such an insignificant and un-University-like person as Bertie Johnston, the little hunk of yeast in the Frosh Class, who's trying to leaven the whole lump.

Disgraceful Orgy Brought to Light.

(Continued)

solemn crew about the pyre. "Pass the Thermos bottle," whispers Sir Hubert Kemp, whose conscience troubles him, for he is surrounded by Wainwrightian friends of the tender sex and feels himself too much at home. The hot water bottle goes the rounds, and when Sir Hubert has had his quaff the Hon. J. E. Hill (Prog.) drains the last drop and hurls the bottle seaward. There flickers for an instant in the firelight the crest of Hiram Walker's mighty house, but it goes down with the bottle to a watery grave and the mighty omen is unheeded. The hawk-dawgs have well-nigh disappeared, for the Hon. Major-General R. L. Hughes, B.S., sits near and takes things in. Brother W. McL. Clarke is talking vivaciously to the Misses Jezebel J. Frawley and Cecilia C. Grant, while the Right Hon. A. M. Latchford is engrossed in a heated discussion with Miss Hilda D. Bradley on the relation between Genesis and . . . (The rest of this paragraph was censored. The revellers adjourn to a neighboring dance hall.)

* * * *

The hall is already filling, and it is evident that the efforts of the Rev. Ben. H. Spence were wasted in this town. "No sir," I hear the gentleman in charge crying, "this hall is not to be defiled by the presence of men like you," and the Hon. J. E. Hill staggers reluctantly to the door "with glassy stare" . . . (Further action on the part of the censor.)

* * * *

. . . and then the 35th dance is announced. It is only now that I notice how gay the company is. Miss Celia Cerise Grant is tangoing with his Dookship West North West (member for East House), and I'll be jiggered if I can tell which is who. Miss Grant is toggled out in chepe de sheeny with insertion of Argonne de Dixmude and overskirt to match. Der Tanzmeister admires the wonderful complexity of their steps and demands the secret formula for the "two in one" dance. Mrs., the Hon. Goody Good Galleway, attired in a simple X-Ray effect, with bodice of creme de milk (City Dairy pasteurized), is seen plying her attractive powers to win Sir Won't Marry Clarke from the close attention of Miss Claribelle C. Martin. Miss Welter Class Milne, decked out in charmeuse de Liege with Lille hose to match, is successfully playing off her two suitors—Algy Marston Latchford and Willy Jonathan McBride—one against the other. "Latch" is already on his knees when the gong rings for refreshments. "Oh, don't get up," says Miss Milne, "I'll—" Zip goes the fillum! Poor Pauline!! (Censor absolutely refused to allow us to run any more of this story.)

Lost

Some two nights ago, waiter from Varsity Dining Hall, with two bones attached. Finder please return to H. E. Pearen.

All for Love, or Was He to Blame?

By Rupert Chambers

CHAPTER I.

H. R. Kay, Esq., was in love. Yes, dear reader, strange as it may seem, the arrows of the little blind god had penetrated the heart of this sturdy son of old Scotia's soil, this worthy descendant of John Knox and Mary, Queen of Scots, this virile product of oatmeal "parrich" and "Heather Dew." Even he was not proof against the wiles of that crowning glory of creation, or, as one of our poets has expressed it, "the root of all evil"—in a word, Woman.

Now Kay, though eminently erudite in his comprehension of such profound masterpieces as the "Longer Catechism" and the "University Calendar," was not deeply versed in the Book of Venus. His devotion to the apple of his heart burned within his manly bosom as fiercely as raged the passion of St. Paul for Virginia in those far-off days before the flood; but, alas, he knew not how to give expression to his adoration. What *could* he do to make his love manifest? The question gnawed his vitals night and day. He felt that he would go mad.

In such a state of mind he betook himself to his comrade, McCollum, and poured into his ear the tale of woe. Great, strange oaths rolled out of his mouth, as, almost beside himself, this strong man, weeping like a child, sobbed out his story.

"I love her, Oh, Oh, Oh," he gasped, "do you hear me, Mac, I luhuv her!"

"Calm yourself," murmured the other in reassuring tones, "the girl shall yet be yours. Take her to Loew's Theatre some afternoon, and after the entertainment go into Childs' or Cafeterias, Ltd., and have an ice. Mark my words, old man," he added in a jocular tone, "that'll do the trick all right. Trust me."

"McCollum," said Kay, with solemn intensity, "I shall never forget this as long as I live. One more favor only, I beg of you. Lend me some money."

CHAPTER II.

Kay, with his divinity hanging on his arm, was in the seventh heaven of ecstasy. Never had the street sweepers appeared so beautiful or the sky scrapers so high. In the theatre his hand had brushed against hers. O bliss ineffable! He thrilled at the mere recollection. Films of fire passed before his eyes and sounds, not of the air, chimed in his ears. Together they meandered up Yonge St., till, catching sight of a drug store, he recalled the advice of McCollum. "We save your money for you," were the words on the window, but not till afterwards did Kay realize the full import of the legend. Leading the way in, he sat down at the counter, while his fair companion seated herself beside him.

"Bring me a claret lemonade," he hissed wildly through his clenched fists. Ah, what a dashing fellow he was! How good it was to be alive and to love!

The drink was brought. He sucked it slowly through a straw, enjoying to the full the novel sensation. Suddenly he noticed that the other was not drinking and, turning to her, exclaimed:

"Aren't you going to buy some, too?"

(To be continued.)

Poetry in the University.

A cynical observer remarked to us the other day that no poetic talent was to be found in the undergraduate body of the University. Indignant at his suggestion, we set out to hunt for poets, and were rewarded in our search beyond all expectation. Space forbids that we quote from all the meritorious verses which the servants of the Muses showered upon us, but we subjoin a couple of examples. The modest bard who is responsible for the first effusion has requested that his name should not be mentioned.

I.—NEC TAMEN SEQUITUR.

Ye who in Astaroth's occult solemnities
Autochthonous, erotic and serene,
Within the gloomy grove of Pyrocene
Perform the sacred rites and bow the knee;

The thunder of your blatant minstrelsy
As ever and anon ye hail the Queen
Fills Heaven, and Hell, and all that lies
between

With soporific sound, till, finally,
Through the amorphous and corrosive
spheres

Reverberating to the Infinite,
Your threnody the Stygian goddess
hears

And wags her bristling tail with keen
delight;

While old Cybele the hermaphrodite
Bedews his face with amaranthine tears!

II.—OWED TO THE WAR.

(By Philip Watts O'Noise.)

Awake, ye stalwart sons of Canada,
Born beneath the Maple Leaf Forever;
Your country calls you to the fray,
To conquer, or wear slavery's chains
now and ever!

The Prussian bugle's blowing 'neath the
trees,

Where the Przemysl pours along her
bloody torrent.

Tyrant! thou madman, atrocious deeds
like these

Shall make thy name, to all succeeding
generations of mankind, abhorrent!

Yea! vengeance shall surely overtake
thee,

And every other treacherous German
creature;

Thee, Kaiser, on thy great imperial
throne,

And thy cruel Generals, Von Bernhardt
and Nietzsche!

Even now the wrath of Heaven descend-
eth fast,

For Britannia's sons arise in all their
glorious might,

With meteor flags that sweep the stormy
seas

And never, never cease to do the right!

Notes on the New Books.

Girls I Have Known, by W. Dorland Evans—"Brevity is the soul of wit." This is one of the most serious books we have ever read. The author's candour is amazing. Nothing is left to the imagination of the reader. The work reveals throughout a keen sense of form and appreciation of the beautiful.

Adventures in Matrimony, or Life Before the Mast, by a Second Mate. In spite of the fact that this volume is published anonymously, we recognize the journalistic style of Mr. A. J. Duncan, B.A. Should be read and pondered carefully by every male undergraduate

A Young Man's Fancy.

"Is he in love?"

Our bleary mustachioed classics tutor is the man to whom we refer. For two weeks or three or four he has been going about with his mind quite evidently far away from this earthly and earthly sphere. "Dol'ce ridens" he walks along and the soft, sympathetic and tender curves that wreath his hirsute appendage bespeak an "Amour du coeur." Else why that placid, reminiscent stare, or those carollings which characterize him when he thinks he is alone? Down the empty corridor he paces, heart light as a feather, countenance care-free, and from his delicately turned lips come fragments of love ballads. His spectacles are rose-hued.

"He is in love." "Who is she?"

Answer Cochrane and Dale, ye his boon companions!

CORRESPONDENCE

Dear Sir,—

With the cry of one howling in the wilderness, I, a woman, raise my voice to assert the rights of the women of the University of Toronto. How long, I say, shall we be trodden under the heel of man? How long? Oh, Lord, how long! We demand our natural rights; we demand that we be allowed to sit on the Students' Administrative Council. What have *we* to say about the affairs that go on every day around us? We have lots to say, but how shall we say it with a bit in our mouths? We are gagged, choked, stifled, suppressed! Shall we put up with it? Not a bit of it! Not by a darn sight! Yes, if ever occasion demanded strong language, this is the occasion! Do you, I wonder, do you realize what it means for my sisters and myself to have our susceptibilities lacerated, our natural instincts outraged by the unfeeling brutes of your sex? For example, take the way in which the Council dealt with that unspeakable encounter between the first and second years in Science, which took place in full view of all on the back campus. I, myself, with these eyes of mine, beheld—(We regret that the censor thought fit to expugn the rest of this interesting letter.)

of the University. "Forewarned is fore-armed."

A Critical and Exegetical Commentary on the Calendar, by James Brebner, B.A. Supplies a long-felt want. The author shows a thorough acquaintance with this most obscure of all books. We now await a key to the commentary.

On Raising What is Down, by R. B. Gibson. The atmosphere of this book is stifling. "More 'air," we cry, "more 'air!" It is sufficient to say that the conservative methods advocated here are quite inadequate and unsatisfactory.

Far, Far Away, by G. R. Annable. A digest of travel in Boccaccio's best style.

Perennial Puffs, by A. L. Smoke. Light "vers de societe."

The Princess, or I Love Her, But I Cannot Pay the Rent, by A. W. Kennedy. A haunting story of an unrequited love.

Fussing as a Fine Art, by F. R. Marshall. Startling revelations of Toronto society. For those who like this sort of thing, this is just about the sort of thing they will like.

LOGOGRAPHIES

Gus Latchford—The Man Behind the Cigar.

J. E. Hill—William Jennings (Private).

R. D. Tannahill—The Human Soda Bottle.

Dick Davis—Settlement Shark (Damn Socialist).

R. L. Hughes—Venus the Miller.

H. R. Kemp—Socrates (without Nantippe).

E. D. Hosken—Diogenes (without the Tub).

A. W. Kennedy—Billiken in Society.

Billy Maine—The Irrepressible Unexpected.

S. P. Griffin—Much Ado About Nothing.

W. J. McBride—Don Juan.

Bill Carment—Wild and Woolly.

ARMA VIRMUQUE CANO

Aha, a clear, dulcet voice! pierces the strange and uncanny silence of the rotunda and all conversation is hushed as the men of University College hearken to those throaty tones. Who speaks? 'Tis J. G. Leckie. Who is J. G. L.? Why, read ye not Torontonensis? There inscribed on a page you find the annals of the Glee Club and the cast, first tenors, second tenors, etc., *ad eundem statum*. (Hades) 'Tis there his name emblazoned shines, First Tenor, J. G. Leckie.

That were enough for any man you think. But no, J. G. doth mope, is peeved, and writeth to *The Varsity*. "Wherefore," he saith, "may I not sing this year? Where is that splendid organization, the Glee Club, departed? My first thought when I returned, I searched within the Y.M.C.A. handbook to find some mention of it. But 'tis gone, its day is o'er. Ah me! Ah me!"

So now at class meetings, at the sermons, in the residence, in the rotunda, at drill and at the homes of those fair (?) dames he doth afflict with his presence, J. G. Leckie sings. To what shall we compare him? The lot of the wandering Jew is easy when compared with his. No more, encased in shining white and hard-boiled armour may he stand, the cynosure of all eyes, pouring forth his soul in liquid melody. Therefore, be patient, even kind, endure his rhapsodic utterances. In June 'twill all be passed and gone, and the student body will heave J. G. Leckie and a sigh from off its chest and the great virtuoso will depart in a blaze of glory.

Sen voce nunc mavis acuta,

Sen fidibus citharaque Phocbi.

Trapped by a Cheese

Dramatis Persona.

"Jim" Christie.....W. J. McBride
"Red" Forbes.....G. G. Galloway
"Scotty," the Janitor.....J. G. Gauld
Spiegel, der Spy.....K. I. Litster
Principal Horace Mutton.....T. D. Leonard
Secretary, Mr. J. S. Will.....S. Cohen
Prof. W. J. Alexander.....J. D. Parks
Prof. Alfie Baker.....A. M. Latchford
Prof. P. W. Mueller.....J. F. Meek
Prof. G. M. Wrong.....C. C. Martin
Prof. John Fletcher.....J. Leonard

A Little Table for the Frosh

Once upon a time a simple-minded and ingenuous young man came up to Varsity from Ottawa; which, by the way, is a small provincial town across the river from H—. (This word, originally printed in full, was deleted by censor.) Now, on account of the joint from which he hailed, this youth had some difficulty in getting installed, but at length, owing to his exemplary credentials, he was admitted a verdant Freshman. Assiduously did he apply himself to the pursuit of knowledge during his first two years of residence, and at the end of Sophomore year was elected, on his own merit, member of that august and venerable bunch, the Students' Council. But, alas for the frailty of human nature, our hero had one failing which ultimately proved his undoing. He fell for the Janes every time! There was one little damsel in particular who had possession of his goat. Now the way in which they became acquainted was as follows. His bosom friend introduced him to her one day at the Royal Museum, and to break the ice, our exemplary gent remarked politely, "Mr. G— is showing me all the sights of the place!" Nevertheless he was pardoned and grew in favor with the damsel, till one evening she invited him to her home. Things began to look interesting when the fusser, turning over some popular songs of the day, innocently asked the dame if she liked "A Little Love, a Little Kiss!" Her reply, though not explicit, seemed rather to favor the affirmative. Then our hero, for he was exceedingly simple-minded and ingenuous, put his foot in it up to the neck. He blushed and changed the subject. They talked of literature. "Have you read 'Freckles'?" he queried. But this was too much. In truth they were somewhat abundant and inclined to that color. The insulted goddess arose in all her majesty, and the poor boob went frothing and hatless into the night.

Moral.—If you haven't anything to say, for Heaven's sake keep your mouth shut!

An Appreciation

The staff of the "Evening Blast" indignantly protests the suggestion made in the Varsity on Monday that the President was returning because of the necessity of declaring the Rhodes Scholar. As a matter of fact, we have definite information that he returned to take up his duties on the staff of our publication. The audience at the Mock Parliament are assured that his literary assistance has not been lacking this year, and indeed the undergraduate editors must acknowledge that the high tone of this year's publication has only been maintained at the cost of untiring effort by our numerous and illustrious staff (see Col. 1, Page 2).

You may ask us how we maintained our personal individuality when inundated by such splendid material as our staff would undoubtedly supply us. Your question is a pertinent one. It was only when we remembered the high trust placed in us by the undergraduate body that we did not merge our personalities into the ebullitions of our associates. The Printer's Devil had a bad time with the Sporting Editor and the Office Boy. He found them arguing about the National League batting averages and had to call in the Literary Editor to settle the question. A glance at the line-up on Page 2 will satisfy the most carping critic that we did have a difficult row to hoe.

SARTORIAL SPLENDOURS STARTLE SOCIETY!!

Members' Wives at Opening Bawl

The massive oaken doors of that gathering place of the broke elite, the Dining Hall, were thrown open to the most distinguished proletariat that has ever disgraced the ancient halls of the University. The occasion of this deception was the opening bawl inaugurating the first Irish Parliament under Home Rule. The illumination was supplied by flitting gleams of intelligence that lit up the faces of the guests. It was horribly dark. The decorations were exceedingly distasteful; however, they harmonized exquisitely with the appearance of the visiting parasites, consisting as they did of a melee of orange and green banners, set off with shamrocks, shillaleys, and brick-bats. The Ancient Order of Hibernians and the County Orange Lodge collaborated in supplying these adornments.

Naturally the most brilliant vesture adorned the wife of the Prime Disturber, Mrs. A. W. Kennedy. She was swathed in green sateen a la Tipperary, with a Hosken coiffure and slippers to match. Mrs. W. R. West showed her knowledge of the latest styles by appearing in an over-skirt effect of orange-colored accordion pleating; her hair was done with a French roll and a Chelsea bun. Mrs. R. G. Meech had on a rhinestone necklace and a pair of green gloves with pink stripes. Mrs. E. L. Biggar was garbed in a brilliant kimono of mousseline Moure with a Christie head-gear. Mrs. Mike Murphy appeared in a delicately scarlet calico apron with a tiara of Knox's diamonds and her hair done a la tub. Miss Jinnie Frawley made a spectacular entrance, following the explosion of a bomb. She was toggled out in a Butterick pattern and a Spankhurst chapeau. Mrs. A. G. McDougall created a sensation in a modish harem effect. The details are best imagined. Mrs. E. D. Hosken and Mrs. J. D. Peck arrived together in their specially-hired Fleming electric, attended by their baby-carriages. Quite the belle of the ball was Mrs. Earl Smith in a brilliantine dog-collar, a long tunic of gabardine and trimmings a la Filbert. Mrs. Lessard had a military cloak adorned with epaulets, while Mrs. Sam Hughes wore a demure confection of half-shot silk and Brussels sprouts with army boots and spurs.

A perfect furore was caused when it was discovered that Mrs. W. J. McBride was trying to force an entrance. Not being one of the Four Hundred, she was ineligible; moreover, she wore a 1912 skirt of Redpath's gunny-sacking. Constable Christie had to eject the guests at three o'clock in the morning, as the orgy was becoming too-much-under-the-table, so to speak.

Heard in the Faculty Union

Principal Hutton (after discussing Bernhardt's "Germany and the Next War" with Mr. Jackson for upwards of two hours)—"Look here, Jackson, have you read the book?" Gilbert—"Well, no, to tell the truth I haven't." Princ.—"Neither have I!"

Professor—Finally, in the study of Philosophy, for every hour's reading you do, you should do two of thinking.

Brilliant One—What shall we think about, sir?

Femininity Laid Bare.

(Continued)

actually winked at me and I—well, I just couldn't help myself. Oh, it was awful, but I'm sure my left eye gave the tiniest twitch! Well, then he took me down to the Latin professor's room and I found out that his name was Mr. Gauld, and that he was one of the leading men in the College and was the leader of the Liberal party, I think it was—or no, I guess it was the Conservative; anyway, it was one or the other, I'm sure. Oh, he was the dearest boy! He took me to Convocation Hall next Sunday morning and I had just the loveliest time. It wasn't a bit like church—more like a show; and all the professors looked too sweet for anything, with those lovely colored things around their shoulders. President Falconer— isn't he a duck!—preached a beautiful sermon, all about the war. Isn't this war the awfulest thing? Say, I think it's just frightful. My, that old Kaiser must have a lot of sins on his conscience. I started to knit a pair of wristlets for the soldiers, but I just simply couldn't get that "pearl" stitch, so instead I made myself the keenest little boudoir cap with cute little French knots all over it. I showed it to Wendell one night—Wendell Clarke, I mean, he's a particular friend of mine. Oh, you know him, do you? He's some boy, isn't he? He took me to the dearest dance the other evening, and I learned the "Tin Dipper" and the "Double Boiler." Do you know those steps? Well, you ought to, they're just *too* touching! And Bill Carment— isn't he *terrible*? Say, he's the worst for coming across with the loving stuff of anybody I know—and you simply *can't* resist him. I've boxed his ears hundreds of times, but it only makes him worse. Oh, all the Varsity men I know are dears, and so are those young English professors. Isn't Mr. Dale lovely? He's my hero; he's *so* big and strong-looking! Oh, all the girls are just crazy about him. And we do so love Mr. Clifton. Hasn't he a beautiful voice? I heard him singing in the hall one day and it was just awfully nice. And you know that nice little Mr. Cochrane. Well—you won't tell anybody, will you, but somebody told a particular friend of mine that he has an *awful* crush on one of the girls in the fourth year. Of course you won't breathe a word of this, will you? But I can't stand that nasty old Professor Johnson. I think he's the *meanest* man. Why, the other day he actually asked me in class what my object was in coming to the University! Really, I was so embarrassed I didn't know what to do. Wasn't that an awful question to ask a girl? Well, must you really go? I'm *so* sorry. Come up again some evening——. You do? Oh, I don't believe a word you say—you're just as bad as the rest of them. Good night! Go-od night!

Proofreader's Error

In Wednesday's issue of the "Varsity" the following headline appeared:

"Prof. Wrong at Queen's Hall."

It is evident, of course, that the line should read as follows:

"Prof. In Wrong at Queen's Hall."

Problem—Who is he?